

THE REVELATION OF A NEW TRUTH IN ZEN BUDDHISM

I

THE essence of Zen Buddhism consists in acquiring a new view-point of looking at life and things generally. By this I mean that if we want to get into the inmost life of Zen, we must forego all our ordinary habits of thinking which control our everyday life, we must try to see if there is any other way of judging things, or rather if our ordinary way is always sufficient to give us the ultimate satisfaction to all our religious needs. If we feel dissatisfied somehow with this life, if there is something in our ordinary way of living that deprives us of freedom in its most sanctified sense, we must endeavour to find a way somewhere which gives us a sense of finality and contentment. Zen proposes to do this for us and assures us of the acquirement of a new point of view in which life assumes a fresher aspect. This acquirement, however, is really the greatest mental cataclysm one can go through with in life. It is no easy task, it is a kind of fiery baptism, and one has to go through the storm, the earthquake, the overthrowing of the mountains, and the breaking in pieces of the rocks.

This acquiring of a new point of view in our dealings with life and the world is popularly called by Zen students "*satori*" (or *Wu* in Chinese, 悟). There are several other expressions used, each of which has a special connotation, showing tentatively how this psychological phenomenon is interpreted. At all events, there is no Zen without *satori*, which is indeed the Alpha and Omega of Zen Buddhism.

Zen devoid of *satori* is like a sun without its light and heat. Zen may lose all its literature, all its monasteries, and all its paraphernalia; but as long as there is *satori* in it, it will survive to eternity. I want to emphasise this most fundamental truth concerning the very life of Zen; for there are some even among the students of Zen themselves who are blind to this central truth and are apt to think that when Zen has been explained away logically or psychologically or as one of the Buddhist philosophies which can be summed up by using highly technical Buddhist phrases, Zen is exhausted and there remains nothing in it that makes it what it is. But my contention is, the life of Zen begins with the opening of *satori* (開悟 *kai wu* in Chinese).

Satori may be defined as an intuitive looking into the nature of things in contradistinction to the intellectual and logical understanding of it. Practically, it means the unfolding of a new world hitherto unperceived in the confusion of a dualistic mind. Or we may say that with *satori* our entire surroundings are viewed from quite an unexpected angle of perception. Whatever this is, the world for those who have gained a *satori* is no more the old world as it used to be; even with all its flowing streams and burning fires, it is never the same one again. Logically, all its opposites and contradictions are united and harmonised into a consistent organic whole. This is a mystery and a miracle, but according to the Zen master such is being performed every day. *Satori*, therefore, can be had only through our once personally experiencing it.

Its semblance or analogy in a more or less feeble way is gained when a difficult mathematical problem is solved, or when a great discovery is made, or when a sudden means of escape is realised in the midst of most desperate complications, in short, when one exclaims, "*Eureka! eureka!*" But this refers only to the subjective or emotional aspect of a *satori*.

As for its intellectual side, it is concerned with the entirety of one's life. For what Zen proposes to do is a revolution, and a re-valuation as well, of the spiritual aspect of one's existence. The solving of a mathematical problem ends with the solution, it does not affect one's whole life. So with all other particular questions, practical or scientific, they do not necessarily alter the basic life-tone of the individual concerned. But the opening of *satori* is the re-making of life itself. When it is genuine—for there are many simulacra of it—its effects on one's moral and spiritual life are revolutionary, and they are so enhancing, purifying, as well as exacting.

The coming of Bodhi-Dharma (菩提達磨) to China early in the sixth century was simply to introduce this *satori* element into the body of Buddhism then so engrossed in subtleties of philosophical discussion. By the "absolute transmission of the spiritual seal" (單傳心印) which was claimed by the First Patriarch, is meant the opening of *satori*, obtaining an eye to see into the spirit of the Buddhist teachings. The Sixth Patriarch, Yeno (慧能 638-712), was distinguished because of his upholding the *satori* aspect of Dhyāna against the mere mental tranquilisation of the Northern school of Zen under the leadership of Shinshu (神秀 d. 705). Baso (馬祖 d. 788), Obaku (黃檗 d. 850), Rinzai (臨濟 d. 867), and all the other stars illuminating the early days of Zen in the T'ang dynasty were advocates of *satori*. Their life-activities were unceasingly directed towards the advancement of this; and as one can readily recognise, they so differed from those merely absorbed in contemplation or the practising of Dhyāna. They were strongly against quietism declaring its advocates to be purblind and living in the dark cave. Before we go on, it is advisable, therefore, to have this point clearly understood so that we leave no doubt as to the ultimate purport of Zen, which is by no means wasting one's life away in a trance-inducing practice, but

consists in seeing into the life of one's being* or opening an eye of *satori*.

There is a book going under the name of *Six Essays* by *Shoshitsu* 少室六門 (that is, by Dharma, the First Patriarch of Zen); the book contains no doubt some of Bodhi-Dharma's sayings, but most of the essays are not his. The spirit however pervading the book is in perfect accord with the principle of Zen. One of the essays entitled "Kechi-myaku-ron" 血脈論, or Treatise on the Blood-relations, meaning a line of spiritual heritage, discusses the question of *Chien-hsing* or *Satori* which constitutes the essence of Zen Buddhism according to the author. The following passages are extracted from it.

"If you wish to seek the Buddha, you ought to see into your own nature (性 *hsing*); for this nature is the Buddha himself. If you have not seen into your own nature, what is the use of thinking of the Buddha, reciting the Sutras, observing a fast, or keeping the precepts? By thinking of the Buddha, your cause [meritorious deed] will bear fruit; by reciting the Sutras you may get bright intelligence; by keeping the precepts you may be born in the heavens; by practising charity you may be rewarded abundantly; but as to seeking the Buddha, you are far from it. If your self is not made clear, you ought to see a wise

* *Chien-hsing* in Chinese (見性). *Hsing* means nature, character, essence, soul, or what is innate to one. "Seeing into one's nature" is one of the set phrases used by the Zen masters, and in fact the avowed object of all Zen discipline. *Satori* is its more popular expression. When one gets into the inwardness of things, there is *satori*. This latter, however, being a broad term, can be used to designate any kind of a thorough understanding, and it is only in Zen that it has a restricted meaning. In this article I have used the term as the most essential thing in the study of Zen; for "seeing into one's nature" suggests the idea that Zen has something concrete and substantial which requires being seen into by us. This is misleading, though "*satori*" too I admit is a vague and naturally ambiguous term. For ordinary purposes, not too strictly philosophical, "*satori*" will answer, and whenever *chien-hsing* is referred to, it means this, the opening of the mental eye.

teacher and get a thorough understanding as to the root of birth and death. One who has not seen into one's own nature, is not to be called a wise teacher.

"When this [seeing into one's nature] is not attained, one cannot escape from the transmigration of birth and death, however well one may be versed in the study of all the scriptures in the twelve divisions. No time will ever come to one to get out of the sufferings of the triple world. Anciently there was a Bhikshu called Zensho [Literally, Good Star 善星] who was capable of reciting all the twelve divisions of scriptures, yet he could not save himself from transmigration, because he had no insight into his own nature. If this was the case even with Zensho, how about those moderners who being able to discourse only on a few sutras and śāstras regard themselves exponents of Buddhism? They are truly simple-minded. When one's mind is not understood, it is altogether of no avail to recite and discourse on idle literature? If you want to seek the Buddha, you ought to see into your own nature, which is the Buddha himself....

"The Buddha is your own mind, make no mistake to bow [to external objects]. 'Buddha' is a Western word, and in this country it means 'enlightened nature'; and by 'enlightened' is meant 'spiritually enlightened.' It is this one's own spiritual nature in enlightenment that responds to the external world, comes in contact with objects, raises the eyebrows, winks the eyelids, and moves the hands and legs. This nature is the mind, and the mind is the Buddha, the Buddha is the way, and the way is Zen. This simple word 'Zen' is beyond the comprehension both of the wise and the ignorant. To see directly into one's original nature, this is Zen. When this original nature is not seen into, there is no Zen. Even if you are well learned in hundreds of the sutras and śāstras, you still remain an ignoramus in Buddhism

when you have not yet seen into your original nature. Buddhism is not there [in mere learning]. The highest truth is unfathomably deep, is not an object of talk or discussion, and even the canonical texts have no way to bring it within our reach. Let us once see into our own original nature and we have the truth even when we are quite illiterate, not knowing a word....

"Those who have not seen into their own nature, may read the sutras, think of the Buddha, study long, work hard, practise religion throughout the six periods of the day, sit for a long time and never lie down for sleep, and may be wide in learning and well-informed in all things; and they may believe that all this is Buddhism. But such people are really disparaging Buddhism. All the Buddhas in successive ages only talk of seeing into one's nature. All things are impermanent; until you get an insight into your nature, do not say, 'I have the perfect knowledge.' Such is really committing a very grave crime. Ananda, one of the ten great disciples of the Buddha, was known for his wide information, but did not have any insight into Buddhahood, because he was so bent on gaining information only."....

II

The Sixth Patriarch (六祖慧能) insists on this in a most unmistakable way when he answers the question: "As to your commission from the Fifth Patriarch of Wobai (黄梅), how do you direct and instruct others in it?" The answer was: "No direction, no instruction there is; we talk only of seeing into one's nature and not of practising Dhyāna and seeking deliverance thereby." Elsewhere they are designated as the "confused" and "not worth consulting with," they that are empty-minded and sit quietly, having no thoughts whatever; whereas "even ignorant ones, if they all of a sudden

realise the truth and open their mental eyes, are after all wise men and may attain even to Buddhahood." Again when the Patriarch was told of the method of instruction adopted by the masters of the Northern School of Zen which consisted in stopping all mental activity, quietly absorbed in contemplation, and in sitting cross-legged for the longest while at a stretch, he declared such practises to be abnormal and not at all to the point, being far from the truth of Zen, and added this stanza :

" While living one sits up and lies not,
When dead, one lies and sits not ;
A set of ill-smelling skeleton !
What is the use of belabouring so ? "

While at Demboin, Baso (馬祖) used to sit cross-legged all day and meditating. His master, Nangaku (南嶽, 677-744), saw him and asked :

" What seekest thou here thus sitting cross-legged ? "

" My desire is to become a Buddha."

Thereupon the master took up a piece of brick and began to polish it hard on the stone nearby.

" What workest thou so, my master ? " Baso asked.

" I am trying to turn this into a mirror."

" No amount of polishing will make a mirror of the brick, sir."

" If so, no amount of sitting cross-legged as thou doest will make of thee a Buddha," said the master.

" What shall I have to do then ? ,"

" It is like driving a cart ; when it moveth not, wilt thou whip the cart, or the ox ? "

Baso made no answer.

The master continued : " Wilt thou practise this sitting cross-legged in order to attain Dhyāna, or to attain Buddhahood ? If it is Dhyāna, Dhyāna does not consist in sitting or

lying; if it is Buddhahood, the Buddha has no fixed forms. As he has no abiding place anywhere, no one can take hold of him, nor can he be let go. If thou seekest Buddhahood by thus sitting cross-legged, thou murderest him. So long as thou freest thyself not from sitting so*, thou never comest to the truth."

These are all plain statements, and no doubts are left as to the ultimate end of Zen, which is not sinking oneself into a state of torpidity by sitting quietly after the fashion of a Hindu saint and trying to exclude all the mental ripples that seem to come up from nowhere and after a while pass away—where nobody knows. These preliminary remarks may perhaps make the reader to ponder the following few "Questions and Answers" (known as *Mondo* 問答 in Japanese); for they will illustrate my thesis that Zen aims at the opening of *satori*, or at acquiring a new point of view as regards life and the universe. The Zen masters, as we see below, are always found trying to avail themselves even of every apparently trivial incident of life in order to make the disciples' minds flow into a channel hitherto altogether unperceived. It is like picking a hidden lock, the flood of new experiences gushes forth from the opening. It is again like the clock's striking the hours; when the appointed time comes it clicks, and the whole percussion of sounds is released. The mind seems to have something of this mechanism; when a certain moment is reached, a hitherto closed screen is lifted, an entirely new vista opens up, and the tone of one's whole life thereafter changes. This mental clicking or opening is called "*satori*" by the Zen masters and is insisted upon as the main object of their discipline.

* That is, from the idea that this sitting cross-legged leads to Buddhahood. From the earliest period of Zen in China, the quietist tendency has been running along the whole history with the intellectual tendency which emphasises the *satori* element. Even today these two currents are represented by the Sōtō and the Rinzai School of Zen; each has its characteristic features of excellence. My own standpoint is that of an intellectualist and not that of a quietist; for I think the essence of Zen lies in the attainment of *satori*.

III

The records quoted below do not always give the whole history of the process leading up to a *satori*, that is, from the first moment when the disciple came to the master until the last moment of realisation, with all the intermittent psychological vicissitudes which he had to go through. The examples are just to show that the whole Zen discipline gains meaning when there takes place this turning of the mental hinge to a wider and deeper world. For when this wider and deeper world opens, everyday life, even the most trivial thing of it, grows loaded with the truths of Zen. On the one hand, therefore, *satori* is a most prosaic and matter-of-fact thing, but on the other hand when it is not understood it is something of a mystery. But after all is not life itself filled with wonders, mysteries, and unfathomabilities, far beyond our discursive understanding?

A monk asked Jōshu (趙州, 778-897) to be instructed in Zen. Said the master, "Have you had your breakfast or not?" "Yes, master, I have," answered the monk. "If so, have your dishes washed," was an immediate response, which, it is said, at once opened the monk's mind to the truth of Zen.

This is enough to show what a commonplace thing a *satori* is; but to see what an important rôle this most trivial incident of life plays in Zen, it will be necessary to add some remarks which were made by the masters, and through these the readers may have a glimpse into the content of *satori*. Ummon (雲門, -949) who lived a little later than Jōshu commented on him; "Was there any special instruction in this remark of Jōshu, or not? If there was, what was it? If there was not, what *satori* was it that the monk attained?" Suigan (翠巖), a contemporary of Ummon, had a retort to him; "The great master Ummon does not know what is

what, hence this comment of his. It was altogether unnecessary, it was like painting legs to the snake and planting beard to the eunuch. My view differs from his: that monk who seems to have attained a *satori* goes to hell as straight as an arrow."

Now, what does this all mean—Jōshu's remark about washing the dishes the monk's attainment of *satori*, Ummon's alternatives, and Suigan's assurance? Are they speaking against one another? Is this much ado about nothing? This is where Zen is difficult to grasp and at the same time difficult to explain. Let me add a few more queries. How did Jōshu make the monk's eye open by such a prosaic remark? Did the remark have any hidden meaning, however, which happened to coincide with the mental tone of the monk? How was the monk so mentally prepared for the final stroke of the master whose service was just pushing the button as it were? Nothing of *satori* is so far gleaned from washing the dishes; we have to look somewhere else for the fact of Zen. At any rate we could not say that Jōshu had nothing to do with the monk's realisation. Hence Ummon's remark which is somewhat enigmatic, yet to the point. As to Suigan's comment, it is what is technically known as 拈弄 (*Nenro*) "Handling and Playing" or "Playful Criticism." He appears to be making a disparaging remark about Ummon, but in truth he is joining hands with his predecessors.

Tokusan (徳山, 780-845) was a great scholar of the *Diamond Sutra* (金剛經). Learning that there was such a thing as Zen ignoring all the written scriptures and directly laying hand on one's soul, he came to Ryūtan (龍潭) to be instructed in the doctrine. One day Tokusan was sitting outside trying to look into the mystery of Zen. Ryūtan said, "Why don't you come in?" Replied Tokusan, "It is pitch dark." A candle was lighted and handed over to Tokusan. When the latter was at the point of taking it,

Ryūtan suddenly blew the light out, whereupon the mind of Tokusan was opened.*

Hyakujo (百丈, 724-814) one day went out attending his master Baso (馬祖). A flock of wild geese was seen flying. Baso asked,

"What are they?"

"They are wild geese, sir."

"Whither are they flying?"

"They have flown away, sir."

Baso abruptly taking hold of Hyakujo's nose gave it a twist. Overcome with pain, Hyakujo cried aloud, "Oh! Oh!" Said Baso, "You say they have flown away, but all the same they have been here from the very beginning." This made Hyakujo's back wet with cold perspiration. He had *satori*.

Is there any connection in any possible way between the washing of the dishes and the blowing out of the candle and the twisting of the nose? We must say with Ummon: If there is none, how could they all come to the realisation of the truth of Zen? If there is, what inner relationship is there? What is this *satori*? What a new point of viewing things is this? So long as our observation is limited to those conditions which preceded the opening of a disciple's eye we cannot perhaps fully comprehend where lies the ultimate issue. They are matters of everyday occurrence, and if Zen lies objectively among them, every one of us is a master before we are told of it. This is partly true inasmuch as there is nothing artificially constructed in Zen, but if the nose is to be really twisted or the candle blown out in order to

* In Claud Field's *Mysteries and Saints of Islam* (p. 25), we read under Hasan Basri, "Another time I saw a child coming towards me holding a lighted torch in his hand. 'Where have you brought this light from?' I asked him. He immediately blew it out, and said to me, 'O Hasan, tell me where it is gone, and I will tell you whence I fetched.'" Of course the parallel here is only apparent, for Tokusan got his enlightenment from quite a different source than the mere blowing out of the candle. Still the parallel in itself is interesting enough to be quoted here.

take the scale off the eye, our attention must be directed inwardly to the working of our minds, and it will be there where we are to take hold of the hidden relation existing between the flying geese and the washed dishes and the blown out candle and any other happenings that weave out infinitely variegated patterns of human life.

Under Daiye (大慧, 1089-1163), the great Zen teacher of the Sung Dynasty, there was a monk named Dōken (道謙) who had spent many years in the study of Zen, but who had not yet delved into its secrets if there were any. He was discouraged when he was sent on an errand to a distant city. A trip requiring half a year to finish would surely be a hindrance rather than a help to his study. Yu, one of his fellow-monks, was most sympathetic, and said, "I will accompany you on this trip and do all that I can for you. There is no reason why you cannot go on with your meditation even while travelling." They started together. One evening Dōken despairingly implored his friend to assist him in the solution of the mystery of life. The friend said, "I am willing to help you in every way, but there are some things in which I cannot be of any help to you. These you must look after yourself." Dōken expressed the desire to know what they were. "For instance," said the friend, "when you are hungry or thirsty, my eating of food or drinking does not fill your stomach. You must drink and eat yourself. When you want to respond to the calls of nature, you must take care of them yourself, for I cannot be of any use to you. And then it will be nobody else that will carry your own corpse [that is, your own body] along this highway." This remark at once opened the mind of the truth-seeking monk, who, so transported with his discovery, did not know how to express his joy. Yu now told him that his work was done and that his further companionship would have no meaning after this. So the friend returned and left Dōken to

continue his trip all by himself. After the half year Dōken came back to his own monastery. Daiye, his teacher, happened to meet him on his way down the mountain, and made the following remark, "This time he knows it all." What was it, one may remark, that flashed through Dōken's mind when his friend gave him a most matter-of-fact advice?

Kyōgen (香嚴) was a disciple of Hyakujo. After the master's death he went to Yisan (潞山, 771-853) who was a senior disciple of Hyakujo. Yisan asked him, "I am told that you have been under my late master Hyakujo, and also that you have remarkable intelligence; but the understanding of Zen through this medium necessarily ends in intellectual and analytical comprehension, which is not of much use. Yet you may have had an insight into the truth of Zen. Let me have your view as to the reason of birth and death, that is, as to your own being before your parents gave birth to you."

Thus asked, Kyōgen did not know how to reply. He retired into his own room and assiduously made research into his notes which he had taken of the sermons given by his late master. He failed to come across a suitable passage he might present as his own view. He returned to Yisan and implored him to teach in the faith of Zen. But Yisan said, "I really have nothing to impart to you, and if I tried to do so, you may have occasion to make me an object of ridicule later on. Besides, whatever I can instruct you is my own and will never be yours." Kyōgen was disappointed and considered his senior disciple unkind. Finally he came to the decision to burn up all his notes and memorandums which were of no help to his spiritual welfare, and, retiring altogether from the world, to spend the rest of his life in solitude and simple life in accordance with the Buddhist rules. He reasoned, "What is the use of studying Buddhism, so difficult to comprehend and too subtle from receiving instructions from

another? I shall be a plain homeless monk, troubled with no desire to master things too deep for thought." He left Yisan and built a hut near the tomb of Chu the National Master (忠國師) at Nan-yang (南陽). One day he was weeding and sweeping the ground, and when a piece of rock brushed away struck a bamboo, the sound unexpectedly elevated his mind to a state of *satori*. The question proposed by Yisan became transparent; his joy was boundless, he felt as if meeting again his lost parent. Besides he came to realise the kindness of his abandoned senior brother who refused him instruction. For he now knew that this would not have happened to him if Yisan had been unkind enough to explain things for him.

Below is the verse he composed soon after his achievement, from which we may get an idea of his *satori*.

"One strike has made me forget all my previous knowledge,
 No artificial discipline is at all needed;
 In every movement I uphold the ancient way,
 And never fall into the rut of mere quietism;
 Wherever I walk no traces are left,
 And my senses are not fettered by rules of conduct;
 Everywhere those who have attained to the truth,
 All declare this to be of the highest order."

IV

There is something, we must admit, in Zen that defies explanation, and to which no master however ingenious can lead his disciples through intellectual analysis. Kyōgen or Tokusan had enough knowledge of the canonical teachings or of the master's expository discourses; but when the real thing was demanded of them, they significantly failed to produce it either to their inner satisfaction or for the master's approval. The *satori* is not a thing after all to be gained through the

understanding. But once the key within one's grasp and everything seems to lay bare before him; the entire world assumes then a different aspect for such. By those who know, this inner change is recognised. The Dōken before he started on his mission and the Dōken after the realisation are apparently the same person; but as soon as Daiye saw him, he knew what had taken place in him even when he uttered not a word. Baso twisted Hyakujo's nose, and the latter turned into such a wild soul as to have the audacity to roll up the matting before his master's discourse had hardly begun (see p. 212). The experience they have gone through within themselves is not a very elaborate, complicated, and intellectually demonstrable thing; for none of them ever try to expound it by a series of learned discourses, they do just this thing or that, or utter a single phrase unintelligible to outsiders, and the whole affair proves most satisfactory both to the master and to the disciple. The *satori* cannot be a phantasm, empty and contentless, and lacking in real value.

As to the opening of *satori*, all that Zen can do is to indicate the way and leave the rest all to one's own experience; that is to say, following up the indication and arriving at the goal,—this is to be done by oneself and without another's help. With all that the master can do, he is helpless to make the disciple take hold of the thing, unless the latter is inwardly fully prepared for it. Just as we cannot make a horse drink against his will, the taking hold of the ultimate reality is to be done by oneself. Just as the flower blooms out of its inner necessity, the looking into one's own nature must be the outcome of one's own inner overflowing. This is where Zen is so personal and subjective.

I said that Zen does not give us any intellectual assistance, nor does it waste time in arguing the point with us, but it merely suggests or indicates, not because it wants to be indefinite, but because that is really the only thing it can

do for us. If it could, it would do anything to help us come to an understanding. In fact Zen is exhausting every possible means to do that, as we can see in all the great masters' attitudes towards their disciples. When they are actually knocking them down, their kindheartedness is never to be doubted. They are just waiting for the time when their pupils' minds get all ripened for the final moment. When this is come, the opportunity of opening an eye to the truth of Zen lies everywhere. One can pick it up in the hearing of an inarticulate sound, or listening to an unintelligible remark, or in the observation of a flower blooming, or in the encountering of any trivial everyday incident such as stumbling, rolling up a screen, using a fan, etc. These are all sufficient conditions that will awaken one's inner sense. Evidently a most insignificant happening, and yet its effect on the mind infinitely surpasses all that one could expect of it. A light touch of an ignited wire, and an explosion shaking the very foundations of the earth. In fact, all the causes of *satori* are in the mind. That is why when the clock clicks, all that has been lying there bursts up like a volcanic eruption or flashes out like a bolt of lightening. Zen calls this "returning to one's own home;" for its followers will declare: "You have now found yourself; from the very beginning nothing has been kept away from you. It was yourself that closed the eye to the fact. In Zen there is nothing to explain, nothing to teach, that will add to your knowledge. Unless it grows out of yourself, no knowledge is really of value to you, a borrowed plumage never grows."

Kozankoku (黃山谷), a Confucian poet and statesman, came to Kwaido (晦堂, 1024-1100) to be initiated into Zen. Said the Zen master, "There is a passage in the text you are so thoroughly familiar with, which fitly describes the teaching of Zen. Did not Confucius declare, 'Do you think I am holding back something from you, O my

disciple! Indeed I have held nothing back from you.'” Sankoku tried to answer, but Kwaïdo immediately made him keep silence by saying, “No, no!” The Confucian disciple felt troubled in mind, and did not know how to express himself. Some time later they were having a walk in the mountains. The wild laurel was in full bloom and the air was redolent. Asked the Zen master, “Do you smell it?” When the Confucian answered affirmatively, Kwaïdo said, “There, I have kept nothing back from you!” This suggestion from the teacher at once led to the opening of Kozan-koku’s mind. Is it not evident now that a *satori* is not a thing to be imposed upon another, but that it is self-growing from within? Though nothing is kept away from us, it is through a *satori* that we become cognisant of the fact, convincing us that we are all sufficient unto ourselves. All that therefore Zen contrives is to assert that there is such a thing as self-revelation, or the opening of *satori*.

V

As *satori* strikes at the primary fact of existence, its attainment marks a turning point in one’s life. The attainment, however, must be thorough-going and clear-cut in order to produce a satisfactory result. To deserve the name “*satori*” the mental revolution must be so complete as to make one really and sincerely feel that there took place a fiery baptism of the spirit. The intensity of this feeling is proportional to the amount of effort the opener of *satori* has put into the achievement. For there is a gradation in *satori* as to its intensity, as in all our mental activity. The possessor of a lukewarm *satori* may suffer no such spiritual revolution as Rinzai (臨濟), or Bukko (佛光) whose case is quoted below. Zen is a matter of character and not of the intellect. A brilliant intellect may fail to unravel all the mysteries of Zen,

but a strong soul will drink deep of its inexhaustible fountain. I do not know if the intellect is superficial and touches only the fringe of one's personality; but the fact is the will is the man himself, and Zen appeals to it. When one becomes penetratingly conscious of the working of this agency, there is the opening of *satori* and the understanding of Zen. As they say, the snake has now grown into the dragon; or more graphically, a common cur—a most miserable creature wagging its tail for food and sympathy, and kicked about by the street boys so mercilessly—has now turned into a golden-haired lion whose roar frightens to death all the feeble-minded.

Therefore, when Rinzai was meekly submitting to the "thirty blows" of Obaku, he was a pitiable sight; as soon as he attained *satori*, he was quite a different personage. His first exclamation was, "There is not much after all in the Buddhism of Obaku." And when he saw the reproachful Obaku again, he returned his favour by giving him a slap on the face. "What an arrogance, what an impudence!" Obaku exclaimed; but there was reason in Rinzai's rudeness, and the old master could not but be pleased with this treatment from his former tearful Rinzai.

When Tokusan gained an insight into the truth of Zen, he immediately took up all his commentaries on the *Diamond Sutra*, once so valued and considered indispensable that he had to carry them wherever he went; he now set fire to them, reducing all the manuscripts into nothingness. He exclaimed; "However deep your knowledge of abstruse philosophy, it is like a piece of hair flying in the vastness of space; and however important your experience in things worldly, it is like a drop of water thrown into an unfathomable abyss."

On the day following the incident of the flying geese, to which reference was made elsewhere, Baso appeared in the preaching hall and was about to speak before a congregation,

when Hyakujo came forward and began to roll up the matting.* Baso without protesting came down from his seat and returned to his own room. He then called Hyakujo and asked him why he rolled up the matting before he uttered a word. Replied Hyakujo.

"Yesterday you twisted my nose, and it was quite painful."

"Where," said Baso, "was your thought wondering then?"

"It is not painful any more today."

How differently he behaves now! When his nose was pinched, he was quite an ignoramus in the secrets of Zen. He is now a golden-haired lion, he is master of himself, and acts so freely as if he owned the world, pushing away even his own master far into the background.

There is no doubt that *satori* goes deep into the very root of individuality. The change achieved thereby is quite remarkable, as we see in the examples above cited.

VI

Some masters have left in the form of verse known as "Ge" (偈, *gāthā*) what they perceived or felt at the time their mental eye was opened. It has the special name of "Tōki-no-ge" (in Chinese 投機偈); and from the following translations the reader may draw his own conclusion as to the nature and content of a *satori* so highly prized by the Zen followers. But there is one thing to which I like to call his attention, which is that the contents of these *gāthās* are so various and dissimilar as far as their superficial sense is concerned that one may be at a loss how to make a comparison of these divers declarations. Being sometimes

* This is spread before the Buddha and on it the master performs his bowing ceremony, and its rolling up naturally means the end of a sermon.

merely descriptive verses of the feelings, an analysis is impossible unless the critic himself has once experienced them in his own inner life. Nevertheless these verses will be of use to the psychological students of Buddhist mysticism.

The following is Seppo's (雪峰, 822-908) verse, whose eye was opened when he was rolling up the screen :

“How deluded I was! How deluded, indeed!
Lift up the screen, and come see the world!
‘What religion believest thou?’ you ask.
I raise my *hossu** and hit your mouth.”

Hōyen, of Gosozan (五祖山法演), who died in 1104, succeeded Shutan, of Haku-un (白雲守端), and was the teacher of Yengo, composed the following when his mental eye was first opened :

“A piece of farm land quietly lies before the hill,
Crossing my hands over the chest I ask the old farmer kindly:
‘How often have you sold it and bought it back by yourself?’
I like the pines and bamboos that invite a refreshing breeze.”

Yengo (圓悟, 1063-1135) was one of the greatest teachers in the Sung dynasty and the author of a Zen text-book known as the *Hekiganshu* (碧巖集). His verse stands in such contrast to that of his teacher, Hōyen, and the reader will find it hard to unearth anything of Zen from the following romanticism :

“The golden duck no more issues odorous smoke behind
the brocade screens,
Amidst flute-playing and singing, he goes home, thoroughly
in liquor and supported by others:
A happy event in the life of a romantic youth,
It is his sweetheart alone that is allowed to know.”

* 拂子. It was originally a mosquito driver, but now it is a symbol of religious authority. It has a short handle, a little over a foot long, and a longer tuft of hair, usually a horse's tail or a yak's.

Yenju, of Yōmeiji (永明延壽, 904-975), who belonged to the Hōgen School (法眼宗) of Zen Buddhism, was the author of a book called "Shūkyōroku" (宗鏡錄, *Record of Truth-Mirror*) in one hundred fasciculi, and flourished in the early Sung. His realisation took place when he heard a bundle of fuel dropping on the ground.

"Something dropped! It is no other thing;
Right and left, there is nothing earthy:
Rivers and mountains and the great earth,—
In them all revealed is the Body of the Dharmarāja."

The first of the following two verses is by Yōdainen (楊大年, 973-1020), a statesman of the Sung dynasty, and the second by Iku, of Tōryō (茶陵郁), under whom Yōgi (1024-1072), the founder of the Yōgi Branch of the Rinzai School, was ordained as monk.

"An octagonal millstone rushes through the air;
A golden-coloured lion has turned into a cur:
If you want to hide yourself in the North Star,
Turn round and fold your hands behind the South Star."

"I have one jewel shining bright,
Long buried it was underneath worldly worries;
This morning the dusty veil is off, and restored is its lustre,
Illumining rivers and mountains and ten thousand other things."

A sufficient variety of the verses has been given here to show how they vary from one another and how it is impossible to suggest any intelligible explanation of the content of *satori* by merely comparing them or by analysing them. Some of them are easily understood, I suppose, as expressive of the feeling of a new revelation; but as to what that revelation itself is, it will require a certain amount of personal knowledge to be able to describe it more intelligently. In any event all

these masters testify to the fact that there is such a thing in Zen as *satori* through which one is admitted into a new world of value. The old way of viewing things is abandoned and the world acquires a new signification. Some of them would declare that they were "deluded" or that their "previous knowledge" was thrown into oblivion, while others would confess they were hitherto unaware of a new beauty which exists in the "refreshing breeze" and in the "shining jewel."

VII

When our consideration is limited to the objective side of *satori* as illustrated so far, it does not appear to be a very extraordinary thing—this opening an eye to the truth of Zen. The master makes some remarks, and if they happen to be opportune enough, the disciple will come at once to a realisation and see into a mystery hitherto undreamed of. It seems all to depend upon what kind of mood or what state of mental preparedness one is in at the moment. Zen is after all an haphazard affair, one may be tempted to think. But when we know that it took Nangaku (南嶽) eight long years to answer the question, "Who is he that thus walketh towards me?" we shall realise the fact that there was in him a great deal of mental anguish and tribulation which he had to go through before he could come to the final solution and declared, "Even when one asserts that here is a somewhat, one misses it altogether." We must try to look into the psychological aspect of *satori*, where is revealed the inner mechanism of opening the door to the eternal secrets of the human soul. This is done best by quoting some of the masters themselves whose introspective statements are on record.

Kōhō (高峰, 1238-1285) was one of the great masters in the latter part of the Sung Dynasty. When his master first

let him attend to "Jōshu's Mu" (趙州無字),* he belaboured himself hard on the problem. One day his master suddenly asked him, "What is it that makes you carry around this lifeless corpse of yours?" The poor fellow did not know what to make of the question; for the master was merciless and it was usually followed by a hard knocking down. Later on in the midst of his sleep one night he recalled the fact that once when he was under another master he was told to find out the ultimate signification of the statement, "All things return to one (萬法歸一)";** and this kept him up all the rest of that night and through the successive several days and nights. While in this state of an extreme mental tension, he found himself one day looking at Goso-Hoyen's (五祖法演—1104) verse on the First Patriarch of Zen, which partly read,

"One hundred years,—thirty-six thousand morns,
This same old fellow moveth on for ever!"

This at once made him dissolve his eternal doubt as to "Who's carrying around this lifeless body of yours?" He was baptised and became an altogether new man.

He leaves us in his "Goroku" 語錄 (Sayings Recorded) an account of those days of the mental strain in the following narrative: "In olden days when I was at Sokei, and before one month was over after my return to the Meditation Hall there, one night while deep in sleep I suddenly found myself fixing my attention on the question: 'All things return to

* This is one of the most noted *kō-an* (公案) and generally given to the uninitiated as an eye-opener. When Jōshū was asked by a monk whether there was Buddha-nature in the dog, the master answered, "Mu!" (*wu* in Chinese, meaning literally "no"). But this is not at all understood in its literal sense when it is given as a *kō-an*, it means just "*mu*," and the masters will not give you any explanation. It is popularly known as "Jōshū's Mu." As to what a *Kō-an* is, a special article is to be written, in the meantime let it be understood as meaning a problem given to students for solution.

** This has been quoted elsewhere. Another of the *kō-an* for beginners.

one, but where does this one return?' My attention was rigidly fixed on this that I neglected sleeping, forgot to eat, and did not distinguish east from west, nor morning from night. While spreading the napkin, producing the bowls, or attending to my natural wants, whether I moved or rested, whether I talked or kept silent, my whole existence was wrapt up with the question, "Where does this one return?" No other thoughts ever disturbed my consciousness; no, even if I wanted to stir up the least bit of thought irrelevant to the central one, I could not do so. It was like being screwed up or glued; however much I tried to shake myself off, it refused to move. Though I was in the midst of a crowd or congregation I felt as if I were all by myself. From morning till evening, from evening till morning, so transparent, so tranquil, so majestically above all things were my feelings! Absolutely pure and not a particle of dust! My one thought covered eternity; so calm was the outside world, so oblivious of the existence of other people I was. Like an idiot, like an imbecile, six days and nights thus elapsed when I entered the Shrine with the rest, reciting the sutras, and happened to raise my head and looked at the verse by Goso. This made me all of a sudden awake from the spell, and the meaning of 'Who carries this lifeless corpse of yours?' burst upon me,—the question once given by my old master Kuo-zan. I felt as if this boundless space itself were broken up into pieces, and the great earth were altogether levelled away. I forgot myself, I forgot the world, it was like one mirror reflecting another. I tried several *kō-an* in my mind and found them so transparently clear. I was no more deceived as to the wonderful working of *Prajñā* 般若 (transcendental wisdom)."

Hakuin (白隱, 1683-1768) is another of those masters who have put down their first Zen experience in writing, and we read in his book entitled *Orategama* (遠羅天釜) the following account: "When I was twenty-four years old,

I stayed at the Yegan Monastery, of Echigo. ["Joshu's Mu" being my thesis at the time] I assiduously applied myself to it. I did not sleep days and nights, forgot both eating and lying down, when quite abruptly a great mental fixation* took place. I felt as if freezing in an ice-field extending thousands of miles, and within myself there was a sense of utmost transparency. There was no going forward, no slipping backward; I was like an idiot, like an imbecile, and there was nothing but 'Joshu's Mu.' Though I attended the lectures by the master, they sounded like a discussion going on somewhere in a distant hall, many yards away. Sometimes my sensation was that of one flying in the air. Several days passed in this state, when one evening a temple-bell struck which upset the whole thing. It was like smashing an ice-basin, or pulling down a house made of jade. When I suddenly awoke again, I found that I myself was Ganto** the old master, and that all through the shifting changes of time not a bit [of his personality] was lost. Whatever doubts and indecisions I had before were completely dissolved like a piece of thawing ice. I called out loudly, 'How wondrous! how wondrous! There is no birth and death from which one has to escape, nor is there any supreme knowledge (*Bodhi*) after which one has to strive. All the complications (葛藤)*** past and present,

* Literally, "a great doubt" (大疑), but it does not mean that, as the term "doubt" is not understood here in its ordinary sense. It means a state of concentration brought to its highest pitch.

** Ganto (巖頭, 828-887) was one of the great Zen teachers in the T'ang dynasty. But he was murdered by an outlaw when his death-cry is said to have reached many miles around. When Hakuin first studied Zen, this tragic incident in the life of an eminent Zen master who is supposed to be above all human ailments, troubled him very much, he wondered if Zen was really the gospel of salvation. Hence this allusion to Ganto.

*** *Kō-ans* are sometimes called complications; for according to the masters there ought not to be any such thing as a *kō-an* from the beginning, it was an unnecessary invention making things more complicated. The truth of Zen has no need for *kō-ans*. It is supposed that there are 1700 *kō-ans* which will test the reality of *satori*.

numbering one thousand and seven hundred are not worth the pains.' ”

The case of Bukko the National Teacher (佛光國師, 1226–1286)* was more extraordinary than that of Hakuin, and fortunately in this case too we have his own recording of it in detail. “When I was fourteen,” writes Bukko, “I went up to Kinzan. When seventeen I made up my mind to study Buddhism and began to unravel the mysteries of ‘Joshu’s Mu.’ I expected to finish the matter within one year, but I did not come to any understanding of it after all. Another year passed without much avail, and three more years, also finding myself with no progress. In the fifth or sixth year, while no special change came over me, the ‘Mu’ became so inseparably attached to me that I could not get away from it even while asleep. This whole universe seemed to be nothing but the ‘Mu’ itself. In the meantime I was told by an old monk to set it aside for a while and see how things would go with me. According to this advice, I dropped the matter altogether and sat quietly. But owing to the fact that the ‘Mu’ had been with me so long, I could in no way shake it off however much I tried. When I was sitting, I forgot that I was sitting; nor was I conscious of my own body. Nothing but a sense of utter blankness prevailed. Half a year thus passed. Like a bird escaped from its cage, my mind, my consciousness moved about [without restraint] sometimes eastward, sometimes westward, sometimes northward or

* He came to Japan when the Hōjō family was in power at Kamakura. He established the Engakuji temple which is still one of the chief Zen monasteries in Japan. While still in China his temple was invaded by soldiers of the Yüan dynasty who threatened to kill him, but Bukko was immovable and quietly composed the following verse:

“Throughout heaven and earth there is not a piece of ground where
a single stick could be inserted;

I am glad that all things are void, myself and the world:

Honoured be the sword, three feet long, wielded by the great Yüan
swordsmen,

It is like cutting a spring breeze amidst the flashes of lightning.”

southward. Sitting* through two days in succession, or through one day and night I did not feel any fatigue.

“At the time there were about nine hundred monks residing in the monastery, among whom there were many devoted students of Zen. One day while sitting, I felt as if my body and my mind were separated from each other and lost the chance of getting back together. All the monks about me thought that I was quite dead, but an old monk among them said that I was frozen to a state of immovability while absorbed in deep meditation, and that if I were covered up with warm clothings, I should by myself come to my senses. This proved true, for I finally awoke from it; and when I asked the monks near my seat how long I had been in that condition, they told me it was one day and night.

“After this, I still kept up my practise of sitting. I could now sleep a little. When I closed my eyes, a broad expanse of emptiness presented itself before them, which then assumed the form of a farmyard. Through this piece of land I walked and walked until I got thoroughly familiar with the ground. But as soon as my eyes were opened, the vision altogether disappeared. One night sitting far into the night I kept my eyes open and was aware of my sitting up in my seat. All suddenly the sound of striking the board in front of the head-monk’s room reached my ear, which at once revealed me the ‘original man’ in full. There was then no more of that vision which appeared at the closing of the eyes. Hastily I came down from the seat and ran out into a moonlit night and went up to the garden house called Ganki, where looking up to the sky I laughed loudly, ‘Oh, how great is the Dharmakāya! Oh, how so great and immense for evermore!’

“Thence my joy knew no bounds. I could not quietly sit in the Meditation Hall; I went about with no special

* That is, sitting cross-legged in meditation.

purpose in the mountains walking this way and that. I thought of the sun and the moon traversing in a day through a space 4,000,000,000 miles wide. 'My present abode is in China' I reflected then, 'And they say the district of Yang is the centre of the earth. If so, this place must be 2,000,000,000 miles away from where the sun rises; and how is it that as soon as it comes up, its rays lose no time to strike my face?' I reflected again, 'The rays of my own eye must travel just as instantaneously as those of the sun as it reaches the latter; my eyes, my mind, are they not the Dharmakāya itself?' Thinking thus, I felt all the bonds snapped and broken to pieces that have been tying me for so many ages. How many numberless years have I been sitting in the hole of ants! Today even in the hollow of my hair there lie all the Buddha-lands in the ten quarters! I thought within myself, 'Even if I have no greater *satori*, I am now all sufficient unto myself.'

Here is a stanza composed by Bukko at the great moment of *satori*, describing his inner feelings:

"With one stroke I have completely smashed the cave of the ghosts;
Behold, there rushes out the iron face of the monster Nata!
Both my ears are as deaf and my tongue is tied;
If thou touchest it idly, the fiery star shoots out!"

VIII

These cases will be sufficient to show what mental process one has to go through before the opening of a *satori* takes place. Of course these are prominent examples and highly accentuated, and every *satori* is not preceded by such an extraordinary degree of concentration. But an experience more or less like these must be the necessary antecedent to all *satori*, especially to that which is to be gone through at

the outset of the study. The mind then seems to be so thoroughly swept clean as not to leave a particle of dust, that is, a trace of thought in it. When thus all mentation ceases, even the consciousness of an effort to keep an idea focussed at the centre of attention is gone, that is, when, as the Zen followers say, the mind is so completely possessed or identified with its object of thought that even the consciousness of identity is lost as when one mirror reflects another, the subject feels as if living in a crystal palace, all thoroughly transparent, refreshing, buoyant, and royal. But the end has not yet been reached, this being merely the condition maturing to a *satori*. If the mind remains in this state of fixation, there will be no occasion for its being awakened to the truth of Zen. The state of a "*tai-yi*" (Great Doubt), as it is technically known, is the antecedent. It must be broken up and exploded into the next stage, which is looking into one's nature or the opening of *satori*.

An explosion, as it is nothing else, generally takes place when this finely balanced equilibrium tilts for one reason or another. A stone is thrown into a sheet of water in perfect stillness, and ripples begin to stir. It is somewhat like this. A sound knocks at the gate of consciousness so tightly closed, and it at once reverberates through the entire being of the individual. He is awakened in the most vivid sense of the word. He comes out baptised in the fire of creation. He has seen the work of God in his very workshop. The occasion may not necessarily be the hearing of a temple bell, it may be reading a stanza, or seeing something moving, or the sense of touch irritated, when a most highly accentuated state of concentration bursts out into a *satori*.

The concentration, however, may not be kept up to such an almost abnormal degree as in the case of Bukko. It may last just a second or two, and if it is the right kind of concentration and rightly handled by the master, the inevitable

opening of the mind will follow. When the monk Jō (定上座) asked Rinzai, "What is the ultimate principle of Buddhism?" the master came right down from his seat, took hold of the monk, slapped him with his hand, and pushed him away from him. The monk stood stupefied. A bystander suggested, "Why don't you make a bow?" Obeying the order, Jō was about to bow when he abruptly awoke to the truth of Zen.* In this case Jō's self-absorption or concentration did not seemingly last very long, the bowing was the turning point, it broke up the spell and restored him to sense, not to an ordinary sense of awareness, but to the inward consciousness of his own being. Generally, we have no records of the inner working prior to a *satori*, and may pass lightly over the event as a merely happy incident or some intellectual trick having no deeper background. When we read such records, we have to supply from our own experience, whatever this is, all the necessary antecedent conditions for breaking up into a *satori*.

IX

So far the phenomenon called *satori* in Zen Buddhism has been treated as constituting the essence of Zen, as the turning point in one's life which opens the mind to a wider and deeper world, as something to be gleaned even from a most trivial incident of everyday life; and then it was explained how *satori* is to come out of one's inner life, and not

* This incident of the monk Jō was mentioned in my previous article on Zen in the first number of this magazine, which attracted the attention of Mr. Charles A. Parry, correspondent of *The Japan Advertiser*, Tokyo. He makes quite an amusing remark on that. Being an outspoken rationalist, he naturally fails to enter into the mystic veins of religion. However it is interesting to see how differently in different individuals "an inconceivably complicated network of cells and fibres" in the cortex gets connected with one another and thinks out all kinds of assumptions, hypotheses, or theories, mixed with all shades of feelings.

by any outside help except it is merely indicating the way to it. Next I proceeded to describe what a change *satori* brings in one's idea of things, that is, how it all upsets the former valuation of things generally, making one stand now entirely on a different footing. For illustrations, some verses were quoted which were composed by the masters at the moment of their attainment of *satori*. They are mostly descriptive of the feelings they experienced, such as those by Bukko and Yodainen and Yengo and others are typical of this class, as they have almost no intellectual elements in them. If one tries to pick up something from these verses by mere analytical process, one will be greatly disappointed. The psychological side of *satori* which is minutely narrated by Hakuin and others will be of great interest to those who are desirous of making a psychological inquiry into Zen. Of course these narratives alone will not do, for there are many things one has to consider in order to study it thoroughly.

I now wish to close this article by making a few general remarks on the subject of *satori* in the way of recapitulation.

1. People often imagine that the discipline of Zen is to induce a state of self-suggestion through meditation. This is not right. As we can see from the various instances above cited, *satori* does not consist in producing a certain premeditated condition by intensely thinking of it. It is acquiring a new point of looking at things. Ever since the unfolding of consciousness we have been led to respond to the inner and outer conditions in a certain conceptual, analytical manner. The discipline of Zen consists in upsetting this groundwork once for all and in re-constructing the old frame on an entirely new basis. It is evident therefore that meditating on a metaphysical or symbolical statement which is a product of our relative consciousness plays no part in Zen, as I have already touched on this in my previous article "Zen as Purifier and Liberator of Life."

2. Without the attainment of *satori* no one can enter into the mystery of Zen. It is the sudden flashing of a new truth hitherto altogether undreamed of. It is a sort of mental catastrophe taking place all at once after so much piling of matters intellectual and demonstrative. The piling has reached its limit and the whole edifice has now come to the ground when behold a new heaven is opened to your full survey. Water freezes suddenly when it reaches a certain point, the liquid has turned into a solidity, and it no more flows. *Satori* comes upon you unawares when you feel you have exhausted your whole being. Religiously, this is a new birth; intellectually the acquiring of a new viewpoint. The world now appears to be dressed in a different garment which seems to cover up all the unsightliness of dualism which is called delusion in Buddhist phraseology.

3. *Satori* is the *raison d'être* of Zen, and without which Zen is no Zen. Therefore every contrivance disciplinary or doctrinal is directed toward the attainment of *satori*. Zen masters could not remain patient for *satori* to come by itself, that is, to come sporadically and at its own pleasure. They earnestly seek out some way to make people realise the truth of Zen. Their manifestly enigmatical presentations of it were to create a state of mind in their disciples which would systematically pave the way to the enlightenment of Zen. All the intellectual demonstrations and exhortatory persuasions so far carried out by the most religious and philosophical leaders failed to produce the desired effect. The disciples were led further and further astray. Especially when Buddhism was introduced into China with all its Indian equipments, with its highly metaphysical abstractions and in most complicated systems of moral discipline, the Chinese were at a loss how to grasp the central point of the doctrine of Buddhism. Daruma, the Sixth Patriarch, Baso, and other masters noticed the fact. The proclamation of Zen was the natural outcome.

Satori was placed above Sutra-learning and scholarly discussion of the Śāstras, and it came to be identified with Zen. Zen therefore without *satori* is like pepper without its pungency. But at the same time we must not forget that there is such a thing as too much of *satori*, which is indeed to be detested.

4. This emphasising in Zen of *satori* above everything else makes the fact quite significant that Zen is not a system of Dhyāna as practised in India and by other schools of Buddhism than the Zen. By Dhyāna is understood popularly a kind of meditation or contemplation, that is, the fixing of thought, especially in Buddhism, on the doctrine of emptiness (*sūnyatā*). When the mind is so trained as to be able to realise the state of perfect void in which there is not a trace of consciousness left, even the sense of being unconscious having departed, in other words, when all forms of mental activity are swept clean from the field of consciousness which is now like a sky devoid of every speck of cloud, a mere broad expanse of blue, Dhyāna is said to have reached its perfection. This may be called ecstasy or trance, but it is not Zen. In Zen there must be a *satori*; there must be a general mental upheaval which destroys the old accumulations of intellectuality and lays down a foundation for a new faith; there must be the awakening of a new sense which will review the old things from an angle of perception entirely and most refreshingly new. In Dhyāna there are none of these things, for it is merely a quieting exercise of the mind. As such it has doubtless its own merits, but Zen ought not to be identified with Dhyāna so called.

5. *Satori* is not seeing God as he is, as might be contented by some Christian mystics. Zen has from the very beginning made clear its principal thesis, which is to see into the work of creation and not to interview the creator himself. The latter may be found then busy moulding his universe,

but Zen can go along on its own work even when he is not found there. It is not depending on his support. When it grasps the reason of living a life, it is satisfied. Hōyen, of Gosoan, used to produce his own hand and asked his disciples why it is called a hand. When one knows the reason, there is a *satori* and one has Zen. Whereas, with the God of mysticism there is the grasping of a definite object, and when you have God, what is not God is excluded. This is self-limiting. Zen wants absolute freedom, even from God. "No abiding place" means that; "Cleanse your mouth even when you utter the word 'Buddha'," amounts to the same thing. It is not that Zen wants to be morbidly unholy and godless, but that it knows the incompleteness of a name. Therefore, when Yakusan (藥山, 750-834) was asked to give a lecture, he did not say a word, but instead came down from the pulpit and went off to his own room. Hyakujo merely walked forward a few steps, stood still, and opened his arms—which was his exposition of the great principle of Buddhism.

6. *Satori* is not a morbid state of mind, a fit subject for abnormal psychology. If anything, it is a perfectly normal state of mind. When I speak of a mental upheaval, one may be led to consider Zen something to be shunned by ordinary people. This is a mistaken view of Zen, unfortunately often held by prejudiced critics. As Joshu declared, it is your "everyday thought." It all depends upon the adjustment of the hinge whether the door opens in or out. Even in the twinkling of an eye, the whole affair is changed, and you have Zen, and you are as perfect and normal as ever. More than that, you have in the meantime acquired something altogether new. All your mental activities are now working to a different key, which is more satisfying, more peaceful, and fuller of joy than anything you ever had. The tone of your life is altered. There is something rejuvenating in it.

The spring flowers look prettier, and the mountain stream runs cooler and more transparent. The subjective revolution that brings out this state of things cannot be called abnormal. When life becomes more enjoyable and its expanse is as broad as the universe itself, there must be something in *satori* quite healthy and worth one's striving after its attainment.

7. We are supposedly living in the same world, but who can tell the thing we popularly call a stone lying before this window is the same thing to all of us? According to the way we look at it, to some the stone ceases to be a stone, while to others it forever remains a worthless specimen of geological product. And this initial divergence of views calls forth an endless series of divergences later in our moral and spiritual lives. Just a little twisting in our modes of thinking and yet what a world of difference will grow up eventually between one another! So with Zen, *satori* is this twisting, not in the wrong way, but in a deeper and fuller sense.

Again, you and I sip a cup of tea. The act is apparently alike, but who can tell what a wide gap there is subjectively between you and me? In your drinking there may be no Zen while mine is brimful of it. The reason is, the one moves in the logical circle and the other is out of it; that is to say, in one case rigid rules of intellection so called are asserting themselves, and the actor even when acting is unable to unfetter himself from these intellectual bonds; while in the other case the subject has struck a new path and is not all conscious of the duality of his act, in him life is not split into object and subject or into acting and acted. The drinking at the moment to him means the whole fact, the whole world. Zen lives and is therefore free, whereas our "ordinary" life is in bondage; *satori* is the first step to freedom.

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